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THE CLARKE COURIER.

VOL. XXX. BERRYVILLE, VA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 4, 1899.

No. 47.

THE CAVALRY CHARGE.

Hark! The rattling roll of the musketeers, And the ruffled drums, and the rallying cheers, And the rifles burn with a keen desire. Like the crackling whips of a hemlock fire, And the singing shot, and the shricking shell.

And the splintered fire on the shattered hell.

And the great white breaths of the cannon

As the growing guns by batteries spoke,
And the ragged gaps in the walls of blue
Where the iron surge rolled heavily through.
That the colonel builds with a breath again As he cleaves the din with his "Close up,

men!"
And the groan torn out from the blackened lips,
And the prayer doled slow with the crimsoned

dris.

And the beaming look in the dying eye As under the cloud the stars go by.
"But his soul marched on!" the captain said.
For the boy in blue can never be dead!
And the troopers sit in their saddles all
Like statues carved in an ancient hall.

And they watch the whirl from their breathless ranks,
And their spurs are close to the horses' flanks, And the fingers work of the saber hand—
Oh, to bid them live and to make them grand!
And the bugle sounds to the charge at last,
And away they plunge, and the front is

passed!
And the jackets blue grow red as they ride. And the scabbards, too, that clank by their full effect. And the dead soldiers deaden the strokes iron

As they gallop right on o'er the plashy red Right into the cloud all spectral and dim, Right up to the guns, black throated and grim, Right down on the heiges bordered with steel. Right through the dense columns, then "Right

about wheel! Hurrah! A new swath through the harvest Hurrah for the flag! To the battle, amen! Benjamin F. Taylor.

MY ONE ADVENTURE.

No doubt there are some people who from the jog trot monotony of their everyday routine. I may say at once that I am not one of these. My nearest approach to an incident was having my life endangered by a drunken cabman in the Bayswater road, but on that occasion my shrieks and gesticulations attracted attention, and he drew up at last, whereupon I instantly got out and walked away. Regarding what I call "my only adventure," this proceeding was unfortunately impracticable. It proved, as will be seen, a disastrous affair for me, and I am now writing a short and truthful statement in order to scoundrel?' clear myself from the scandalous imputations to which it has given rise.

My husband, Mr. Thomas Moggins, Mineing lane. We have no family and have lived for years at a pleasant watering place upon the south coast. Thomas has not been an active member | were man and wife for five years!" of Podd Plants for a considerable time, but he generally goes up to business once or twice a week. His heart is in pods and plants of a different description. He is devoted to his garden, where he works away as hard as any laborer for hours, although we keep a Scotchman who has the gate lodge and £60 a

year, not to speak of coal and vegetables. Our house is a fine detached residence, standing in close upon two acres of ground, and is called the Manor, and I in our circle gives a better dinner or is more generally respected and looked up to than we are. My husband is one of the churchwardens at St. Peter's. I and secretary to the Young Women's

Sunday Out association. shopping and was returning by a well known fast train, but discovered when I got to the station that it was on the point of starting. As I hurried along the platform I caught sight of some people from my own neighborhood, Mrs. Uppingham and her sister. I noticed that they looked remarkably smart-beflowered bats, white veils, white gloves; probably they were coming from Sandown races! I did not get into their carriage, for Mrs. Uppingham is a nobody who has recently come to my road-a dreadfully pushing person, feverishly anxious to be visited by "the residents." But I am rather fastidious. I did not like her looks, and I have not called.

I am a little stout, and I hate to be fussed. I hate being hustled along by the guard, saying, "Now, ma'am, look sharp, please-look sharp!" On the present occasion, before I knew where I was, I found myself pushed headforemost into a first class carriage, and instantly the train began to move.

It took me a considerable time to recover my breath and my composure, put aside my bag and parasol, pull down my veil and rearrange all my little parcels. I was aware that I had a fellow passenger, a man who sat at the far corner, but all that I could discern were a pair of gray tronsers and a pair of tan gloves holding the evening paper. I did not give him a second thought. I was most devoutly thankful that I had not scrambled into the next carriage by mistake. It might have led to an acquaintance with that odious Mrs. Uppingham and her sister. They had a young man with them too. Mrs. Uppingham gives out that she is the wife of an officer who is quartered in Hongkong (but I say Jericho); she has taken a little house and done it up prettily (they tell me) with art draperies, Indian rugs, curios and cheap furniture; she keeps two servants, and, I did hear, buys New Zealand mutton and American beef. Mrs. Herring, our rector's wife, asked me to meet her at tea and introduced her tome, but I did not take to her nor bow when I met her next day in the library. To me she looks suspiciously like an adventuress. If she is so poor, why is she always so very smartly dressed? For my part, I don't believe that she (as she declares) makes all her own gowns. I know she bas always a pack of men to tea on Sundays. and some people think the sister pretty!

At this moment I happened to glance

as if I had seven heads. I am accustomed to being stared at, having (though I say it that should not) a more than fair allowance of good looks, but there was no admiration in this man's black eyes. They expressed a mixture of amazement and incredulity. For two or three seconds we continued to survey one another in frozen silence, and then I turned my head pointedly away and gazed out of the window.

We were now traveling at a high rate of speed. The fields, trees, hedges, seemed to be racing past. The pace was about 45 miles an hour. Suddenly I was aware of a slight movement in the carriage and received a distinct shock when I turned my head and discovered that the man had changed his seat and was now sitting exactly opposite me. He had every right to leave his place, but he had no right to sit there devouring me with his great black eyes. I did renowned for my "look." I have found it most effective on several occasions. So I drew myself up and gave him its

age, clean shaven and sallow, and gave me the impression of one who had suffered in health or mind. His face was haggard; his hair was touched with gray. Otherwise he was rather good looking. He was dressed in a dark tweed suit and wore a red necktie, a gold locket and brown boots.

I had slowly surveyed him from the crown of his cap to the soles of his boots with deliberate inspection and from the soles of his boots to the crown of his cap when suddenly be bent forward and spoke to me-to me, he, an actually enjoy strange experiences or utter stranger, who had never been inanything that is startling or different troduced to me! And this is what he said in a strange, husky veice:

> Sarah Hannah-"how could you?" "Sir!" I screamed at him. 'How could you find it in your heart to do it? Now, what is the use of pretending when you know as well as I

> do that I am your husband?" As I sat gasping and for the moment unable to articulate he proceeded to upbraid me most bitterly.

"How could you bring yourself to de-At last I found my breath and an-

swered: "You are making a most extraorbefore in all my life." "Never saw me!" he repeated in a

loud, angry voice. "You and I, that "Never!" I answered. "You must be out of your senses. You are mad.'

"No, but perfectly sane, though what for the lies I have told them!" I have suffered was enough to turn my brain. Look at my gray hairs," removing his cap, "all owing to you, Mary." "I never saw you before-never!"

thing?" he asked impatiently. "You know you were always a born actress. You recollect your successes before we may say without boasting that no one you to be another person than yourself." "I've never been inside a theater and nose, my mouth. never acted since I was born."

"If it was not too serious a moment, am chairwoman of the Society For had never acted as you are acting now; Providing Old Women With Clothes you have surpassed yourself! And you know how proud I was of you and the hit you made in 'The Pink Petticoat.' Now I am really coming to my ad- And, as to your dancing, Jackson declarventure, which occurred last summer. ed that in that grasshopper pas you ously. I had been up in London for a day's could not be equaled at the Empire

itself. Grasshopper pas-Empire! If our dear rector could but hear my name

coupled with such abominations! I rose, snatched up my bag and parasol and hurriedly seated myself at the far end of the carriage, merely presenting my back to his gaze. But, utterly undaunted, he immediately placed himself beside me and actually endeavored to insinuate his arm around my waist. I screamed and beat him off with my parasol, and then he seized my hand and held it in a viselike grasp and said:

"Mary, darling, why do you go on like this-as if you did not know me? Don't you remember the balls at Covent sharply. Garden and the jolly suppers and our dear little house in Avenue road and how proud I was to be pointed out as the husband of Polly Cantrippe? Think of our three fair baired children! Oh, how could you have it in your heart to desert poor little Esmeralda, only an infant in arms? She is now 4 years old and the image of you. It's a terrible

thing to have a handsome wife!" "Let go my hand!" I cried out hys-

terically. "To have a handsome wife," he repeated, "who has been on the boards and has thousands of admirers-a terrible thing for a man to have to be in the city and forced to leave her alone all day! It was partly my own fault, and I've never divorced you!"

I now made a desperate but futile attempt to tear away my hand. He still held it tightly, talking all the time in a loud, resolute voice. "A pretty woman has so many temp-

tations." Here at last I wrenched myself free and looked about for the cord of communication. "No need to call the guard, Mary,"

cient protection." "But you are not my husband," I can !"

"Sit down!" he said fiercely. "No

quietly. seat. My mental sufferings were suffi- She's been an actress. I took her off the ciently acute, but I did not wish to en-

rage him to the point of murder. you," he continued—continued to me, come along with me," and he laid his bling in politics?" Mrs. Moggins of the Manor, "for you hand upon my arm. are my wife in the sight of heaven, and you know that I adored you and that I card. I claim your protection. You and bled for awhile, but the first thing he married you hencrably in spite of that the company are responsible for me to knew he slipped over the edge and went agly story about young Lovelace. I al- my lawful husband. toward my companion. I found him staring at me over the edge of his paper ways thought there was no one like you,

My own opinion has always been that you were inveigled away against your better self and that you are heartily sick of the brute. I'm told that he drinks and that he beats you! I've searched for you high and low. I've I've always kept your place open. I've told our friends (and some believe me) that the acting fever had got into your blood, you could not keep off the boards and had accepted a splendid engagement in America, but that you were coming back soon for certain. Think of the children"-

"I've no children!" I burst out indignantly.

"They are taught to expect your reheard me. "Polly is like you-she was 7 on Thursday. Billy takes after me. they say, and, as for Esmeralda, you not like it. I flatter myself that I am shall judge for yourself. All I can say is that I forgive everything. Mary, come home!'

As he spoke he looked most terribly and scrambled in just as the train bein earnest, poor man. His voice shook; He was apparently about 38 years of | his face was ashen; great beads of perspiration stood upon his forehead. I declare I felt almost sorry for him.

"I regret, sir," I said, "that you have made a complete stranger so conversant with your private affairs. My husband is a tea broker. I have no family. I have never been and never will less have I acted or danced."

like this?" he exclaimed. "Are you so gives me a sort of chill. was about to survey him as carefully happy with him-a married man? How can you consent to live in sin?

"I will not be silent!" he stormed. husband? But then I love you-I love "Mary"-as it happened my name is you! and here the miserable wretch explain, but she was not at home actually burst into tears and went suddealy down and groveled at my knees, has never returned my visit-no, not bitting his head and his heartrending even through the post. I am sorry to sobs in my gown. I was certain his say that some of my acquaintances have loud voice, lamentations and arguments evidently listened to her lies. A friend must have been heard by the Upping. of mine was solemnly assured that I hams. What would they think?

said, drawing away my skirt. "How ped me; no explanations, no matter can I induce you to believe that I am how ample, appear to avail me, and I sert me and your three poor unfortunate not your abandoned wife? See, here is believe that it will take years and years little children and run away with that my handkerchief and my initials, 'S. -if not my whole lifetime-to live H. M.'-Sarab Hannah Moggins.'

"What are initials?" he scoffed, ker in Sketch. "You can change them as easily as you have changed your voice and the color is a member of a well known firm in dinary mistake, sir. I never saw you of your hair. I see you've dyed it the ing when mother will be home. They ence upon his men. If, on the other don't know the truth. God forgive me

> was useless to attempt to speak. "How can you be so false," he cried, "so hard hearted? Look at yourself as

locket and jerked it at me. The painted photograph which I was their own. thus compelled to examine was that of were married. It was always easier for a pretty woman who certainly did re-ment," said they, "and he's always

"It was like you, the image of you. before you grew fat. You always had coward, do you?" asked the other, in a I would say that in all your life you a dread of growing fat. These three scornful tone. years have aged you terribly. You look every day of 40; you know you always had a horror of being elderly. "I have a great horror of being taken

for another woman !" I protested vigor- mail, you know."

"Mary," he said, suddenly turning can't stop to get his saddle on." on me and speaking in great excitecruelly I wonder how you can be so influence. callous. I declare you are more like some stony hearted monster than a woman of flesh and blood!" surveying me with a pair of angry eyes. "However, you shall not escape me. For the children's sake, I shall take you home. I know best what is for your good and theirs, and nothing you can say or do shall move me. You remember my will

Here the train began to slacken, and I suddenly let down the window. "What are you about?" he demanded

I opened the door ere he discerned my purpose, precipitated myself upon the platform and called for the station master.

A burly official with a weather beaten face came hurrying up. "Oh, station master," I cried, "I

throw myself on your protection! This person," pointing to my companion, who had hastily alighted, "has annoyed me the whole way from London; he has mistaken me for some one else and persecuted me most cruelly. Find me another carriage and lock me in. "

"She is my wife!" roared the stranger. "I can swear to her. Sheran away that way."—London Letter. with a French jockey three years ago and left her home and children. I've hunted for her everywhere, and by good luck she got into the same carriage with me at Victoria. I claim her, do you hear?"

"He is insane!" I shricked. "I never saw him before !"

I now noticed Mrs. Uppingham, her sister and the young man all staring out of the window, watching the scene he said. "Your own husband is suffi- terest. Indeed every open window in the cabmen, the very newsboys, had shouted, "and I will call the guard if I gathered together and made a ring round us.

more of this acting and listen to me the man in his loud, strident voice, Awed by his look, I sank back into a of the engine, "but don't mind her. boards. Acting is her second nature. I'm willing to take her home and give "I've never taken any steps to divorce ber another chance. Now, Mary, you

Then, as he smlied and shook his Star.

no one so saucy, so handsome, so smart. | head, I appealed in my desperation to Mrs Uppingham.

"That lady lives close to me. She knows who I am. Don't you?" I besought of her with outstretched hand. But the detestable woman merely raised her eyebrows and shook her head, even advertised for you, and meanwhile | and I could actually hear the girl choking with laughter.

"Do you know her, ma'am?" demanded the official. "No, thank goodness!" she answered. with great scorn.

Meanwhile we-that is to say, the stranger and I-were detaining the whole train, and the station master suddenly said: 'Take your hand off the lady, sir.

And you, missus, get into the carriage, turn," he continued as if he had not and I'll keep the gentleman until the next train. I'm going beyond my rights, but there's no other plan, as I can see. I'll wire to the police and inquire about you," he added as he took my card. I did not wait to hear another word, but made a dash for my compartment

> gan to creak and move, still closely pursued by the stranger, and the last glimpse I caught of him he was struggling like a madman up and down the platform in the arms of four porters. I have never seen him since. This terrible experience has naturally made me extremely nervous. I never now travel alone. I feel a misgiving re-

be inside a theater in my life; much specting every figure enscenced behind a newspaper, and the first sight of a "Oh, Mary, why do you torture me man with a sallow face and a red tie I related the whole story to Thomas

when I had recovered from the shock "Silence, sir!" I shricked nearly be- and had eaten my dinner, and he was immensely amused. So like a husband! Mrs. Uppingham has evidently im-"Had ever any woman so forgiving a parted her version of the occurrence to the neighborhood. I called upon her to

(though I saw her in the window), and had been a burlesque dancer and a di-"I am really sorry for you, sir," I vorcee. Several nice people have dropdown my only adventure .- B. M. Cro-

Sharp Contrast. In Dr. Trumbull's "War Memories new red; but, all the same, my heart of a Chaplain" it is wisely said that recognizes my own Polly! Now that courage is the standard in active army I've found you I swear I shall never | service, and no man who fails in perlet you go; the children are always ask- sonal bravery can have the least influhand, a chaplain is ready to share every danger, his men give him full credit I shook my head impatiently, for it for courage and fidelity and are the more ready to do their duty under his

Two soldiers were one day overheard "Oh, what is the use of this sort of you were," and he suddenly opened a speaking of the chaplain of another regiment and contrasting him with

"He's always on picket with his regisemble me. There I saw my eyes, my ready to go with it into a fight. You don't catch our 'Holy John' up there!" "You don't mean our chaplain is a plaint."

"Oh, no! I don't say he's a coward.

Well, but he's got to go for the

"Yes, but if the firing is sudden, he They laughed together over the picment, "after having treated me so ture. The overcautious man had lost his

A Comical Costume.

Much amusement was caused in a country house at a recent English house was the surly reply. " 'E's your son, I age, we are party by the entry into the drawing guess, and you're a screening of 'im.' room just before dinner of a guest with contrails tightly rammed into his tron- and almost tenderly. The young man sers pockets and the trousers themselves | made a step forward. rolled up almost to his knees. When some one drew the old gentleman's at- assumption of scorn as she recoiled a DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY tention to the eccentric arrangement of foot or two. "My son! Absord!" his dress, everybody present nearly exploded, and the victim himself, whom glasses on her nose, she stared the culall knew intimately, laughed as hearti. prit calmly in the face and quietly said ly as anybody. He then explained that he had bicycled over from his vn home. that he was late, he had, when shown an innocent, cooing baby. in, forgotten all about the arrangement

of his clothes. When subsequently the footman who admitted him was rebuked for not hav- tinued. "Give him the purse and let ing noticed the condition of the guest's him go." elothes and told him of it, the saucy trousers were turned up rather high," shake, then flung him from him. but that he had refrained from drawing his attention to them because he mud fitted for pelting purposes. "thought perhaps the colonel wore them

Shacabac Wisdom.

The wisdom of the venerable Shaca bac, the Wayfarer, one of the chief characters in James Jeffrey Roche's when the scramble was over the thief. laughable skit, "Her Majesty the the starving scamp, the prodigal son, King," is in great danger of becoming was nowhere to be seen. - New York classic. "A bird on toast," says the Telegram. venerable sage, "is worth two on a bonnet," which indeed is a truth that any with every symptom of the liveliest in- the Wayfarer, "there be one man on child might comprehend. "If," quoth earth who knoweth less than all others, the train was full of heads. The porters, it is he who is the husband of a wife, and she will be the first to tell him the same. While Allah preserveth her, his halo shall never be too small for his "She says I'm a stranger," continued head. No man," he continued, "knoweth what true happiness is until he getthat was audible even above the hissing teth married; then is the knowledge rather a sweet memory than a new boon."-Exchange.

Beyond His Donth "Is that friend of yours still dab-

"Well," answered the old campaign-"Station master," I said, "here is my er, with a sympathetic sigh, "he dab-

A MOTHER'S ANGUISH

HER SON DIDN'T KNOW HER, AND HE WAS STARVING.

An Unexpected Meeting on the Street and the Skeleton in One Family Closet That It Brought Into the Full Light of Day.

She was a stately, comely old lady, but there was an unmistakable trace of sadness and melancholy upon her handsome features. She was well dressed, and within the ample folds of her black silk gown there were surely numbers of places where she might have found accommodation for a pocket, but in accordance with the custom of her sex she carried her well filled pocketbook in her hand, offering temptation to every thief or starving wretch that chanced to come along the dimly lighted streets. She was old enough to have known bet-

As she turned down a side street, more gloomy than the avenue, a lank and ill clad youth suddenly darted out of a hallway, flashed at the old woman, and, without a word or look, snatched the purse which she so lightly held and ran at the top of his speed up the street. ran at the top of his speed up the street.
"Stop thief! Stop thief!" shouted the same any MAGAZINE they want at publishers prices by the year. Give us a call

gothered up her skirts and attempted to llow in pursuit. The cry was taken up by a crowd of newsboys and a few passersby, but, although the thief was never lost sight of, he was fleet of foot, and would probably have made good his escape had he not run right into the arms of a burly policeman at the corner of the next av

The policeman shook the young fellow as a terrier might shake a rat and held him until the old lady came puffing up. She arrived at length, with her umbrella upraised with the evident intention of striking the man who had meet every one's wants. Also, dared to take the pocketbook she had held so temptingly in her hand.

Suddenly and in that ridiculous attitude she paused and turned deathly pale. The crowd stared open mouthed The policeman jerked the man by the collar, but that was not the sole reason that the fellow fell upon his knees. He turned as pale as the old lady as he shook himself free, and still kneeling.

with hands uplifted, he gasped: "Mother! I did not know you, andand-I was starving!

"John!" ejaculated the woman in accents of agony, "My boy! My poor son! This is the worst of all! Oh, this is hor-The wretched man reached for her hands, but she drew them away and

buried her face with them. While the crowd looked on in silence, the thief slowly reached down to his loose and tattered boot and, drawing out the pocketbook he had stolen, held it toward his mother. "Come on!" said the policeman

gruffly, gripping the man by the arm and at the same time seizing the purse. Then to the woman he added: You must come to the police station

along of us, ma'am, and enter a comlaint."

Instantly the old lady drew herself in stock a large and complete assortment of up indignantly and with haughty man-

ner said : but when there's any firing ahead he made a great mistake, officer. This is SILVER-PLATED WARE, not the man who took my pocketbook. Kindly let him go.'

"But-but 'e 'ad it! It's 'ere!" bawled the bewildered representative of the law, pushing the purse toward all of which we offer at very close prices the dignified old lady.

"Nothing of the kind," said she. "I never saw it before in all my life. Why don't you let the poor man go?" "Because I 'as my duty to perform,"

"My son!" she echoed, with a fine

"My son!" said the old lady, sadly

Then, adjusting a pair of gold rimmed "I knew this man once as a bright, brave, manly boy. I knew him as a tensome two miles distant, and, thinking der, loving little child. I knew him as

> A sob was heard, but it was not she who sobbed. "I do not know him now," she con-

When the stately old lady had sailed variet calmly replied that certainly he majestically away, the big policeman had "observed that Colonel Blank's gave his prisoner one powerful, hearty

> The newsboys hunted around for But the young man did not run and thus afford good sport. He stood like one dazed for a few moments. Then he hurriedly opened the pocketbook and scattered the contents into the street. Those newsboys had a gala time, and

> Denmark's Navy Homemade An interesting feature of the Danish navy is that it is entirely homemade. Since the monitor Rolf Krake, built for

them at Glasgow in the early sixties, the Danes have constructed all their own ships. They have done more than that-they have once at least led the way in the evolution of a type. Their Tordenskjold came before the Italian Lepanto and Italia and embodies exactly the same idea-the gun heavily protected, no side armor, but instead a protective deck. That idea is, however, very much exploded at the present day.

Worth It.

-Engineer.

Mrs. Homespun (indignantly) dere's an article says that in Formosa ı wife costs \$5.

Mr. Homespun (thoughtfully) -in clean out of sight."-Washington Wanl, a good wife is with it.-Spare

THE CLARKE COURIER

JOHN O. OROWN.

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